

The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Neutral in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the News of the Day.

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N. T. TRUE, Editor.

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History of Bethel.

By Dr. N. T. True.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

MINISTERS.

Rev John H. M. Leland was born in Amherst, Mass., graduated at Amherst College and at Andover Theological Seminary, and was ordained at Sherburne, Mass. Soon after the death of Mr. Frost, an invitation was extended to Mr. Leland to be his successor. He accepted and was installed pastor of the Church and Parish July 3rd, 1850. He remained till May 10th, 1853, when he was dismissed and returned to Massachusetts. He now resides at Amherst.

Rev Edwin A. Buck, son of James Buck of Bucksport, was born in that town May 31st, 1824. After fitting for College at the Academy in Andover, he graduated at Yale College in 1844 and at Bangor Theological Seminary in 1852. He was ordained in Bethel, May 20th 1854, and settled as pastor over the 1st Congregational Church. He continued in this relation till February, 1859, when he was dismissed. He was married to Miss Eliza R. daughter of Dean Walker, who was born in Amherst, Mass., Dec. 1st, 1825. They were married Jan. 10th, 1853. Soon after his dismissal from Bethel he removed to a sister-in-law's where he resided several years.

His successor to Bethel is Rev. J. B. Whitcomb, who thus far has furnished a temporary supply.

Rev. David Garland was the first settled minister over the 2nd Congregational Church in this town. He was the fourth son of Dea. John Garland of Newfield, in this State. He was born in Newfield, March 22, 1815. He graduated at Amherst College, and subsequently at the Andover Theological Seminary. He was married to Miss Mary Edith Twichell, daughter of the late Col. Thaddeus Twichell, Sept. 17th, 1849, who was born Jan. 18th, 1821. He was ordained Pastor of the 2nd Church, Aug. 15th, 1849. Mr. Garland has been settled longer over the same society than any other in the Association with which he is connected.

Elder Daniel Mason was born in Stratham, N. H., in 1781. His early advantages were exceedingly limited, but possessing a good share of common sense and having experienced religion, he resolved to enter the ministry. He was ordained in Freeport, Me., Oct. 9, 1811, and preached for a time in the Calvinist Baptist Church in that town. He was settled as pastor over the Calvinist Baptist Church in Bethel in 1818, and continued his pastorate for seventeen years, till his death, when occurred Apr. 6th, 1835, aged 54. He had three wives. The first two were sisters by the name of Robinson. His last wife was the widow Mary Merrill, a native of England. Though an illiterate man, yet he seems to have been a man of strong common sense. He was strongly attached to the Jeffersonian School of Politics, in which he took a deep interest. Being a co-opey by trade he earned his living by the labor of his hands, and by preaching on the Sabbath without any great hope of an earthly reward.

For the Courier.

"THE FOOL AND THE THIEF."

A few weeks since we related in the Courier an anecdote, which we saw in a newspaper, titled "the fool and the thief." We mentioned, that the conduct of the two individuals

which gave rise to the anecdote was considered very strange. We also stated that, as strange as the event was, we would give an account of another event, that was far more strange.

We have heard of a father, who was very wealthy. He had vast possessions in lands. He had an only son, which was the special object of his love. It was in his heart and mind to provide for him every thing needful for his peace and comfort. His first effort in his behalf was to secure him a good wife. He violently obtained for him the most virtuous and accomplished woman, that could be found. He then selected for him (as a farm) the most fertile portion of his vast possessions. He was careful to select a track of land, that abounded in rivers, so that there would be not the least lack of water. He then made on the farm of his son a magnificent fruit orchard. It is said, that the orchard, as never been equaled in the number of its trees and in the great variety and richness of its fruit.

As the son was a man of taste and had a love for flowers, his father furnished ample means to gratify his feelings. He attached a most beautiful flower garden to the farm orchard. He inserted in it every variety of flowers that could be found. Every thing could there be seen which was pleasant to the sight. The father planted one tree in this splendid garden especially for himself. This was a fig tree in appearance, and bore much fruit. He reminded his son, that this was his tree, and that he must ever regard it as exclusively his.

The son was seemingly very much pleased with the whole arrangement. He was happy in the ample provision his father had made for him and was pleased with the instruction he had given in regard to the particular tree. One day while he and his wife were conversing together about their magnificent abode, the great luxuries by which they were surrounded and the benevolence of their father, a stranger entered their habitation. To them he was a wonderful being. He was very beautiful in appearance, and uttered far more beautiful words. He was very graceful in manner and exhibited a most disinterested spirit. So bland was he in words and so courteous in demeanor, that he won their entire confidence.

They could not think, but that he was perfectly sincere in feeling in thought and in word. He congratulated them on their excellent home. He greatly admired all the arrangements of the garden, the great multiplicity and elegance of fruit trees and flower roots. He spoke in glowing words of the rich provision that their father had made for their peace and comfort. He could discover only one slight defect in all, that he had done for the home of his children. And that was the restriction, that he had placed on the use of the tree which he had planted for himself. He assured them, that the restriction was for their injury rather than benefit. He instructed them, that by disregarding it they would become wiser, more learned, richer and happier. He was so persuasive in his tones of voice and so plausible in his manner of reasoning, he gained his end. They listened to his instructions and partook of the tree. But in being over persuaded by him they lost every thing. One moment they were in the enjoyment of everything, that the heart could desire; the next moment totally ruined. Not only helpless beggars, but fugitives and vagabonds in the earth.

Judging of things by newspaper

anecdotes the children were the fools and the stranger, who visited them, was the thief.

If we make such conduct the test of character this world is made up of fools and thieves. That portion of it, who are honest themselves and in all matters of deal and society regard all others honest are the fools, and the portion of it, which are dishonest and trickish and regard all others as such are the thieves.

There is one great truth in regard to fools and thieves. Those men, who are called fools in the wisdom of this world are called wise in the wisdom of heaven. And those, who are called wise in the wisdom of this world are called fools in the wisdom of heaven. "For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." Pre-eminently honesty is with man deemed consummate foolishness. There is need of an entire, radical change. When pre-eminently honesty shall come to be considered universally the great element of wisdom then will the earth become entirely divested of its vast hordes of thieves and knaves.

DELTA.

LEWIS OF CROWWELL'S SERMONS. At a recent monthly meeting of the Connecticut Historical Society, J. H. Turnbull, Esq., recited a subject upon which he had spoken at a previous meeting, and gave a full description of the curious and valuable collection of sermons in short hand, by him discovered, and in part deciphered, as mentioned in the former proceedings of the Society. A very singular item in this short, but interesting paper, was the extraordinary number of sermons which were in old times preached in succession from one and the same text. Mr. Turnbull mentioned instances, among others, were fourteen, sixteen, twenty-two, and twenty-four discourses were thus successively developed from the same text. And he added orally, an anecdote of two candidates for the chaplaincy of one of Crowwell's regiments. These gentlemen were put to preach to the regiment on probation, before being voted for. The first took for his text the single word "Pomegranate," from the description of the priestly robes of Israel; and said he would proceed to unfold the divine truths therein contained, *seed by seed*. He preached *eight hours* "without turning a hair," postponed the remainder of his discourse to the next day, and was unanimously elected.

A MINSTREL'S POWER. When William of Normandy invaded England, the army was headed by a minstrel, in the employment of the Conqueror. He had before inspired the soldiers with his strains. As the night commenced he led on the men, amusing them with feats of daring to inspire them with dauntless intrepidity; and then poured forth the war-song of Roland, their ancient leader. The effect, we are told, was electrical; the whole army caught the spirit of their leader, and borne onward by its inspiring influence, rolled upon the foe. Who can tell the influence of that strain? But for Taillefer, the first William might never have won the proud title of "the Conqueror;" but for that minstrel's song the memorable field of Hastings had not been won; and the whole record of English history had changed its hue.

The most characteristic instance of carrying politeness to an extreme, came off not long since at a Hibernian ball. As related to us by one of the sons of Erin, who keenly appreciates a good thing. It seems that one gay Luthario in crossing the room to request Bridget's hand in the next reel, stumbled over the outstretched

foot of Mr. Terrence O'Grady, who promptly arose, and in the politest manner said:

"I beg your pardon, sir."

"No offence—no offence, sir, at all," responded the other, "it was my fault."

"I beg your pardon, sir, it was my fault entirely," was the response, accompanied with a graceful bend of the body, and wave of the hand.

"No, sir," answered Master O'Toole, yet entirely in the wrong. "I tell ye it was altogether my fault."

"I tell ye it was not, sir," responded Master O'Grady, do ye mean to say I'd be telling a lie, sir?"

"Bad luck to ye, sir, d'ye mean to say I'd be telling a lie, sir, when I tell ye it wasn't yer fault?" responded O'Toole, quite wrath. "Bad luck to yer breeding ye ignorant poltroon!"

"—d'ye think ye'd be getting the better of me in manners?" shouted Master O'Grady, as with a tip and blow he laid the unfortunate O'Toole as flat as a pan cake! The latter rallied, and a rough and tumble ensued, which ended in the expulsion of both jiltlemen from the ball room.

FARM LIFE.

In words of advice we say to our young men, "stick to the farm." Now, when land and its products—the true wealth of the people—are within your control, when wheat and oats, hay and cattle, and other farm productions, never fail in this country to bring remunerative prices, and which no other section in the State can compete with you either in grain raising or stock growing, and which farm labor is least to be affected by fluctuations of business, or political affairs; now is the time when the farmer is gaining the respect and wealth and influence due to his position as "lord of the land," be not in too great haste to leave the farm and to go to the city to seek wealth or ease, or comfort, in a city life or sphere.

The hard work of the farm you are tempted to exchange, to become a clerk in a city shop, to put off your heavy boots and frock to become a gentleman behind the counter, or to gain a livelihood by hanging upon the skirts of a profession. You who were by birth and education, intended for an honorable, independent, and manly citizen, to sell to man master, and to be no man's servant, you upon whom devolve the sustenance and integrity of a nation—you stoop to become at first an errand boy of the shop, then salesman, to bow and smile, to attend upon the whims of every painted and padded form of humanity; and finally to become a worshipper at the shrine of Mammon, compelled to look at the price current to learn whether you are a bankrupt or not; and in the end find and compromise with your creditors and your conscience, and sigh for the quiet of your native place, the homestead, its familiar surroundings, and its green hills. You leave the farm for a profession, it does not respectably sustain you, and you take sides in the political struggles of the day; you play to win or lose; perchance you win; your party gets into power; you obtain a clerkship at Washington, and remove your little family from this to a more congenial climate, to live at your ease, to get rich on \$1200 a year! The privileges of New England schools and churches are given up; your independent and influential membership of your district and town and church, the woods and playgrounds of your childhood, your knifed and your home.

Twelve hundred dollars is a large sum to you—half the amount of the minister's salary; with habits of economy and thrift you can live on half the amount. You sell your farm and become a landlord. After all it is not so easy parting with your associates. Your labor has been mingled with every field. The trees our hands have planted take root in our hearts, the vines and roses twined by our fingers cling more closely than we thought.

You have left your home. At the end of a year in the metropolis, you bitterly realize your position. For the first time you feel how sore a thing it is for a northern freeman to be dependent, to labor at stated hours, at the bidding of a superior officer; to feel that the office you fill, on which depends the very subsistence of your self and family, is held at the arbitra-

ry will of another, and as the condition of which you hold your place is the servile conformity of your views with his on political, and what you deem moral questions.

You, who at home never saw the man who dared to claim to be your superior, are forced to submit to the iron rule of master, to be shipped over by the number you helped to elect, to be assailed to support party positions whose principles you may despise. In short, you have sold your birthright for a mess of pottage. You find in the end that your salary is not able to sustain you at the price and extravagance of city life. Instead of enjoying the abundance of the earth, as you have been accustomed to do on the farm, you are compelled to conform your mode of living with your narrow circumstances, to associate your ideas of living with dollars and cents, and finally you find yourself a poorer man than while upon your northern farm.

It is not necessary to go further into details, we trust enough has been said to cause our young farmer to hesitate long before he exchanges his place for one where master comes between him and his Maker.

To close, we add the last stanza of Mrs. Sigourney's poetical picture of farm life:

The harvest Giver is his friend,
The Maker of the soil;
And earth the mother, gives them bread
And cheer their patient toil.
Come join them round their weary hearth
The heart's pleasures see,
And you can better judge how best
The farmer's life may be.

—Acrostic Times.

Nearly a hundred years ago, Dr. Lind suggested to Captain Kennedy that thirst might be quenched at sea by dipping the clothing into salt water and putting it on without wringing. Subsequently, the Captain, on being cast away, had an opportunity of making the experiment. With great difficulty he succeeded in persuading a part of the men to follow his example, while the men who refused and drank salt water became delirious and died. In addition to putting on the clothes while wet, night and morning, they may be wetted while on, two or three times during the day. Captain K goes on to say, "After these operations we uniformly found that the violent drought went off, and the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes, while we found ourselves as much refreshed as if we had received some actual nourishment."

"What do I think of boys' debating clubs?" repeated Quilp. "Why, I think they are a nuisance. Nothing is so pernicious to the youthful mind as 'gab' without ideas—or at least without rhetorical connection or logical order. Conversation is far better than debating, for my useful purpose. No one attempts to talk without having something to talk about, but the moment it comes to speech-making, the youngster rattles away—usually in a bombastic strain—without grace or grammar, sense or sentiment, at a furious rate of conversation, and thinks, all the while, that he is discussing a question and pouring a flood of light on a subject of which he knows next to nothing at all." But does not that sort of exercise give the lad confidence? Yes, and a deal too much of it. But tenacity is not rational assurance; and to be at once impudent and impotent is the greatest of mental misfortunes. Nothing is so common in this land of freedom as fluency in debate; nothing so rare as logical argument and a correct and impressive utterance. What we want is not more 'gab,' but more knowledge, more thinking, more propriety, more condensation in speech, and—fewer of them.—Boston Post.

Three of the young girls, who dressed in white, girdled Washington as he entered Trenton, in 1780, on his way to New York to assume the Presidency, and strewed his pathway with flowers still survive. One yet lives in Trenton; one is the mother of Senator Chesnut, of South Carolina; and one, Mrs. Sarah Hand, resides in Cape May county.

What is that which every man can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided? Water.

The Bethel Courier.
FRIDAY MORNING, Sept. 22, 1890.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—All persons indebted for subscription to the BETHEL COURIER for one year or more, are requested to make immediate payment.

ACCIDENT.—As Mr. Abraham L. of Gilead, was riding his horse to water, on Monday of this week, the animal reared and threw him, and then fell upon him, breaking his thigh bone.

Mr. Daniel Coffin, of Greenwood, one day last week, killed a town lamb which weighed 62 lbs. It was only five months old.

Bro Elwell says the Aurora No. 1 is about in the left wheel of Bethel. That is probably as far north as his ideas are capable of extending.

A curious freak occurred to a Portage in this village a few days since. As Mr. Alfred Tinsell was stepping out of his house, a partridge flew between his legs and then across the street to Mr. E. Merrill's house where he struck between the windows and fell dead. Mr. Tinsell was just up for his breakfast.

Mr. Francis Parker of this town, has a bull calf which weighed 612 lbs. when 8 months old.

Our Streets were deluged with rain on Tuesday afternoon. They were badly washed.

The Remains of P. T. TALLEYRAND GROVER, arrived from Sweden by the Ship Lyman, and were received at his father's, Dr. Grover, last evening. They will be interred in the Western Cemetery today.

The inscription on the head of the Coffin was as follows:—

TALLEYRAND GROVER,
Fell. in Nord Amerika,
died Sept. 22, 1890.

The public exercises will be held on some future Sabbath.

CANADIAN TWENTY CENT PIECES.—The Canadian Silver Twenty Cent Pieces so nearly resemble in appearance American Twenty Cent Pieces, that mistake and fraud occur every day in their use. We hope our Canadian neighbors will so change the appearance of this coin as to avoid this difficulty. As it now is, it is a great nuisance.

The *Melrose Spectator*, has an interesting description of the "Iron Palace," recently erected in that city by Messrs. Huse & Chapman. The "Palace" is 150 feet long, thirty-two feet wide, and seventy feet high. It is finished in the highest style of architecture and is the handsomest building of the kind in the city. Success to the sons of Oxford.

John Hale, who was sentenced four years in the N. H. State Prison, for horse stealing, escaped on the 4th inst., by scaling the wall of the prison, by means of a plank. He has an unfinished term in the Maine institution, from which he escaped just before his arrest in New Hampshire.—*Oxford Democrat*.

Hale was taken at Waterford one day last week and brought to this place on Saturday, and remained until Monday, under the charge of the Warden of the N. H. Prison, to which institution he was safely returned.

ACCIDENT TO DR. GROVER. Dr. John Grover of this village met with a severe accident on Monday of this week. He was leading his horse to water when by some means the horse struck his heel against his head, cutting a severe gash just above the eyebrow. He was taken up senseless, when his right arm was found broken near the shoulder and the shoulder itself badly bruised. He was attended by Drs. Wiley & Twitchell, and is as comfortable as could be expected of a man 77 years of age.

For the Courier.

PORTLAND, Sept. 20, '90.

Mr. Ebborn.—The beautiful weather of today, has brought many strangers into town, and the Fair Grounds has quite a lively appearance. I did not arrive in season to witness the Ladies' Relays, but learn there were but three entries. Mrs. D'Arthy of Augusta, took the first prize of \$20; the second and third prizes, (\$15 and 10) were equally divided between Mrs. Barrow and Mrs. Baker both of Portland.

The show of Mares was very fair also that of Matched horses. I noticed a Bethel horse in the span of Mr. P. H. Brown that made a fine appearance, and think this span will take the prize. There are 325 entries of Horses, Cattle and Neat Stock—between six and seven hundred on the ground. The All-weather, Yorkshire, Jersey, Durham, Devon, &c. are here. Dr. Holmes has nine full blood Jerseys; one 3 years old heifer, during the past summer, for several weeks made eight pounds of butter, besides one quart of milk used in the family. They are anything but fine looking animals, their only point of excellence is their milking properties.

Mr. Goodale, of Saco, has several Ayrshires here—among the number is a cow six years old, that in the month of June last, gave one-sixteenth of her weight, in milk, daily. She is a medium sized cow.

Mr. Isiah Wentworth has 24 head of pure blood Devon here. His whole herd consists of about 45 head—all full blood. Mr. Anderson of Windham has 18 full blood and 11 grade Devons—th of these herds are fine looking animals. I saw one man with a heifer four years old which weighs 1850 lbs. girls seven feet seven inches. Also, I saw of oxen grade Durham, giving 8 lbs. three inches.

The cattle show, I think, on the whole though perhaps not what the State might do, is creditable. The exhibition at the hall I have not seen yet. In haste.

The suggestions of our correspondents respecting the conditions of seed are timely and valuable, and should be more regarded by our farmers. His reverence for the farmers is all well, but he must remember that they have a virgin soil to work upon, while their sons are compelled to restore it after being cropped for fifty or sixty years. We do know that the late where the Pres. and Sec. of the Club raised their crops would scarcely produce half a ton of hay to the acre ten years ago. If Albany will visit our Club one of these winter evenings he shall hear all about it.

LEGAL REQUISITES FOR A WORTHY PURSUIT. The Lewiston Republican says that the stockholders of the manufacturing companies which held their annual meetings on the 19th inst. in that place, authorized their directors to pay the following sums for the purpose of establishing a library for the use of the operatives and others, viz: H. I. Manufacturing Company, \$1000; Bates Manufacturing Company, \$1000; Androscoggin Manufacturing Company, \$1000.

IMMENSE REVERIES OF BEATSTUFFS. The Buffalo Courier states that during forty-eight consecutive hours last week, a fleet of over one hundred vessels, including propellers, arrived at that port, with one million three hundred and sixty nine thousand three hundred and eighty two bushels of grain, and eight thousand six hundred barrels of flour! On Thursday alone, the receipts were more than one million bushels. It is the largest receipt of grain on record.

During the last Sikh war an officer in a regiment marching upon the Sutlej received intelligence from his agent in England that a legacy of £1500 had fallen to his lot, the information being accompanied by a request to know "how he would take it." The young gentleman, after due reflection, and perhaps consultation with his comrades, replied that he would "take it in pale ale," and the full value was remitted to him in the article of his choice.

For the Courier.

PORTLAND, Sept. 20, '90.

Mr. Ebborn.—Last week you advised farmers to select their seed corn before gathering the crops—this is now very generally practiced and with marked results. It is a reasonable, common sense, scientific practice—bred from the best. I notice that the President and Secretary of your Farmer's Club had raised large crops of barley and wheat and that you are expecting to hear that other members of the club are "Enjoying the same blessing," and would naturally infer that there was some patent about the club if your President and Secretary have raised this fifty bushels of barley and thirty of wheat in some way that has not been practiced for forty years past—let us have the modus operandi, with the results; but I am afraid they have not been so farmerlike as their father before them, and that their crops are more the results of fortuitous circumstances, which in nine years out of ten would fail, than from any particular service or patent about the club. In old times when either of their fathers sowed an acre of wheat he expected thirty bushels or more, and when an unforeseen misfortune happened to it, he got it.

Their fathers, instead of occupying the Deane's seat at the neighboring Stores, as our farmers are very apt to, for much of the long winters, thrashed their grain with the flail and cleaned it with the wind or fan—and sowed their seed from the big end of the sheeps. A very observant practical farmer who never went to New York to mill, told me a while since that from repeated trials he had found that twenty per cent of wheat, thrashed with a machine failed to germinate and as the fattest turkey generally got his neck rung first, so the probability was that nine tenths of what sowed was did raise, grow from the smallest and poorest of the grain.

Now I will wager a goose and ten dollars for the whole club that your President and Secretary have harvested their large crops of grain and have not selected nor preserved one peck for seed.

If I failed in a crop of corn another year and should tell them that after I thought my corn was dry I hauled it from the field to a machine and had it thrashed out, carried home, put it all in a ton together, that when I planted I went to the barn back what I needed and planted, now (if I had practiced it long) had not got half pay for my labor would they fail to tell me that the fault was with my seed?

Who has heard of corn deteriorating? and who has not of all other kinds of grain?

Who has read in all the essays upon wheat culture and other English grains in this country the simple recommendation to select and carefully preserve your best for seed and who has not listened all the year round to complaints of their deteriorations?

In those countries where corn is not known and baked beans, brown bread and pumping pies not read of—where wheat, rye, barley and oats are the only crops and where the people are dependent entirely upon their crops of grain—where a good crop is never too much, and a failure is a famine—they are far in advance of us.

There they never fail to select and preserve their seed with as much care as we do our corn. All farmers thresh their seed with a flail—good farmers beat off about one half—thereby preserving the most mature and soundest kernels—the more particular and successful selected the best portions of their field—cut it separately and carefully protect it from all moisture after it is cut—when perfectly cured they placed it upon a kind of hand, and beat off the heaviest and most mature of the grain and preserve it for their seed—it makes no difference whether they sow one, or one hundred bushels—there is the same care for the seed. Forty bushels to the acre is a fair crop—fifty not unheard of.

Now I don't preach because I have

practiced—for I have not only hope to—but because our pattern farmers are more at loss about what they put into the ground than how. Had not a better get the old fathers and grand sires out to the clubs and see if there is not something in this. In all portions of this country—farmers change their seed often to keep up its character in others they raise the standard and character of their grain by husbandry.

Oliver B. Howe, M. D., of Shelburn, N. H., was born in Rumford, Me., May, 1802. After a good preparation for the study of medicine he entered the office of Dr. John Grover of Bethel, and also attended medical lectures at Brunswick, where he graduated in—, and settled in Shelburn where he resided till his death. He had a good share of practice for many years until he acquired an increasing disinclination to engaging in difficult cases in practice. His constitution somewhat slender, gradually gave way for some years before his death. Last spring he had the misfortune to break his thigh bone which had him lay, for some time. This seemed to debilitate his whole system, and with chronic difficulties upon him his mind became somewhat affected and he died suddenly.

Dr. Howe was a man of respectability and well read in his profession. He was affable in his manners, ever showing the character of the most thorough bred gentleman, and was fond of society. He leaves a widow and four children to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father.

LEWISTON AND AUBURN. These towns have grown very rapidly within the last few years, as a result of the new manufactures which have been started, of cotton and wool in Lewiston, and of leather in Auburn. The Journal says:

"In ten years Lewiston has more than doubled her population. In one year from the present time she will have a population of 25,000, and will have an increase of 10,000 in the population of 10,000. Lewiston and Auburn are practically one town, having at present a population of nearly 12,000, against a population of 6,400 in 1850—a gain of 50 per cent in ten years."

PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF A BALLOONIST. The accident which happened to Mr. La Mountain, the balloonist, on Friday last, was briefly reported by telegraph. The Albany Keeler-Boeker furnishes full particulars of the aeronaut's excursion, from which it appears that his adventure was a fearful one. Mr. L. ascended from Albany at four o'clock in the afternoon. The current brought him to the eastward, and when over Pittsfield, he looked out for a place to land.

"He discovered a fine meadow located between two high mountains, and determined upon effecting it there. He acted accordingly, and the Atlantic descended just as majestically as it had descended, and alighted safe and sound upon the farm of Mr. Wood, about a mile from Pittsfield. Time from starting: twenty-nine minutes. But he had no sooner arrived on terra firma and was about to vacate his basket, than a tornado came sweeping through the vale and carried the Atlantic off with it. Here Professor La Mountain could have landed had he seen fit, but he preferred staying with his balloon at all hazards. In a few seconds the Atlantic was elevated to a distance of five hundred feet.

Professor La Mountain had about seventy pounds of ballast, which the car still retained. He commenced launching it out. Up the mountain slope the balloon traveled at a fearful rate. As it reached the top it struck the earth and plowed it up with as much ease as would an earthquake. Over the mountain top it went. At this moment the balloon was going headlong, dragging the basket and Professor La Mountain after it, at a speed of over one mile a minute. At this point the elements tossed the balloon about in a fearful manner,

and the Professor says that during the whole of his experience he never met with anything so threatening. He thought that nothing but instantaneous death awaited him. At times the basket would be as high as the balloon, and both swaying to and fro, and dashing together like angry waves on the ocean. Onward he sped, until the basket was dashed against a stone wall with tremendous force, and by which means Mr. La Mountain received his injuries. By the concussion his left hip, shoulder and knee were terribly bruised. Carrying away a portion of the stone wall the Atlantic struck a small maple tree, the top of which it whipped off as though it were a pipe stem. Some of the branches having caught in the netting tore it considerably. The balloon also suffered from this collision.

The aerial ship next encountered a larger maple, against which it dashed broadside. Here Mr. La Mountain was disengaged from his balloon, but by what means he is unable to explain. He was thrown out and fell to the ground. Here he lay for a few minutes in a partially insensible state, and as soon as he became really conscious of his predicament he looked after the Atlantic. On casting his eye upward he discovered it wrapped about the tree in a collapsed condition. It was greatly shattered and torn and the basket broken. Mr. La Mountain laid on the grass until help came, when he was removed to the house of Mr. Wood, whose family kindly cared for him. Mr. Wood and his sons then set about moving the balloon. This was taken from its judgment and also brought down to the house.

Mr. Wood, who saw the collision, informed Mr. La Mountain that he expected to find him dead when he reached the balloon. Mr. Wood says that when the balloon collapsed it was like the report of a cannon. When Mr. La Mountain was thrown out here he lost his watch. It was subsequently picked up by one of Mr. Wood's boys. It was still running and the hands marked 5 o'clock.

The Bridgton Reporter says that Phineas Libby, Esq., of that town, died, while chopping in his yard on Wednesday last. His death was caused by a disease of the heart. His age was 48.

The store of Rufus Peely, of Auburn, was entered on Thursday of last week, and a haul of Coppers, about seven dollars in change, and a lot of goods taken away. The burglar forced an entrance through a back window.

The Hallows Cotton Mill manufactures a thousand yards of cotton fabrics per day, and employs operatives enough to form a large colony. The oil manufacturers of Messrs. Alden & Sampson, and Stickney & Page turn out respectively 3,500 and 2,500 yards of carpeting per week.

The trial at Portland of John Darnley for the murder of Patrick Cassidy at Cape Elizabeth on the 29th of February last, was concluded on Saturday, by a verdict of Guilty. The jury were out about three hours.

A lady's home dress ought to last a long while; she never tears it out.

A Mr. Richardson of Ireland lately attempted to get off the cars of the Dublin and Kingstown railway when they were in motion. The railway company prosecuted him, and had him fined £2 as a warning to others.

The Springfield Republican relates the case of a polite young man who, during a shower, took refuge under the portico of a dwelling house. A young lady at the front window espied him sent out an umbrella for his acceptance. He bowed his thanks and departed. A few days afterwards he called to express his thanks and present a new and elegant umbrella, which he had purchased to gracefully replace the somewhat battered one that had been loaned him. The young lady forthwith nicely explained that, as he stood in the way of an expected visit from her intended, who wished to come and see her unobserved, she had sent him the umbrella to get him off her front steps!

Mrs. Rebecca Pendleton, who resides with her son, Capt. Amos Pendleton, of Northport, reached the advanced age of one hundred years on Monday last. On the occasion many of her relatives and friends in Northport and adjoining towns, called upon the venerable lady, to pay their respects on the occasion and leave with her tokens of their good will. Mrs. Pendleton is bright and smart, notwithstanding her advanced age, reading and sewing with ease without the use of glasses.

A GOOD IDEA. In addition to the recent changes at the State House, by which several large and commodious committee rooms have been added to the accommodations of the building, the Superintendent, Mr. Turner, has established a telegraph station in his office, connecting with the wires of the Kennebec Company. This will be a great convenience, not only to the affairs of the different departments, and to the Legislature when in session, but to that portion of the public having business with either of the departments or with the Legislature.—*Augusta Free Press*.

Blondie carried a man on his back across the Niagara the other day. He also traveled his rope over a pair of stilts on the Falls of the Niagara. He witnessed the performance at first objecting to the "foolish" nature, but at last permitting himself to have his own way.

MELANCHOLY AFFAIR IN LEWISTON. The Lewiston Journal states that Miss Sarah H. Green committed suicide yesterday morning by drinking. She had been afflicted with a severe headache for several days and had been upon the verge of insanity from severity. She arose in the night, left the house, and thought her husband would find her dead in the morning. Her night dress was found hanging in the room in the morning, but her body was not found. Her death was caused by a severe attack of melancholia, which she had been suffering from for some time. She was a young woman of about twenty years of age and had been married for some time. Her husband was a well-to-do man and she was a devoted wife.

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NOTICE. The subscriber, having purchased the Stock in trade of the late firm of Hall & Potter will continue the business of the said firm. MILTON BOLT. West Bethel, Sept. 23, 1890.

E. D. NOURCROSS. Two doors north of the Post Office, AUGUSTA, ME. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in **Hot Air FURNACES.** Manufacturer of a greater variety of Furnaces than can be found in any other establishment, designed for warming all classes of buildings, from a small dwelling to the largest church. For durability and economy I can refer to the large number of persons that have used them the past ten years. Having the present season made great improvements in furnaces, I have constructed a Superior Furnace adapted to

The Bethel Courier.

MAILS.
Bethel, Me., Sept. 22, 1890.

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.
Leaving train leaves Bethel for Portland at 10 A. M. Returning—arrives from Portland at 1:15 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.
Every Sabbath at 11 o'clock, A. M. and 7 P. M. in the following churches:—
First Church, Rev. Mr. W. H. GARDNER.
Second Church, Rev. Mr. GARDNER.
Third Church, Rev. Mr. GARDNER.

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.
Sabbath evenings at 6 P. M. at the vestry. In the Church, Tuesday evenings. Prayer Meeting Saturday evenings.

Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, &c.
The accounts received from individuals from all parts of the country, who have used and been cured by the OXYGENATED BITTERS, are truly surprising. Diseases which have baffled the power of medicine as well as the skill of the physician, and subjected the patient to years of hopeless suffering have readily yielded to this all healing remedy.

CHAS. W. WATSON, N. Y., Mar. 19, '87.
Messrs. S. W. Watson & Co.: I am happy to say that I have used the OXYGENATED BITTERS in my power, and that I have been cured of my Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and other ailments. I have been suffering from these ailments for many years, and have tried many remedies, but have not been cured until I used your OXYGENATED BITTERS. I am now well and happy, and I am sure that your OXYGENATED BITTERS will cure many others who are suffering from these ailments. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, CHAS. W. WATSON.

Reliable Testimony.
We call the attention of the reader to the following letter from President Smith, of Western University:

W. H. Watson & Co., New York, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1890.
Messrs. S. W. Watson & Co.: I am happy to say that I have used the OXYGENATED BITTERS in my power, and that I have been cured of my Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and other ailments. I have been suffering from these ailments for many years, and have tried many remedies, but have not been cured until I used your OXYGENATED BITTERS. I am now well and happy, and I am sure that your OXYGENATED BITTERS will cure many others who are suffering from these ailments. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, W. H. WATSON.

Deaths.
In this town, this inst., Mrs. Emily (née) [Name] died at 81.
In this town, this inst., Mrs. Emily (née) [Name] died at 81.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.
The partnership between [Name] and [Name] in the business of [Name] is dissolved by mutual consent. MILTON BOLT. West Bethel, Sept. 23, 1890.

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